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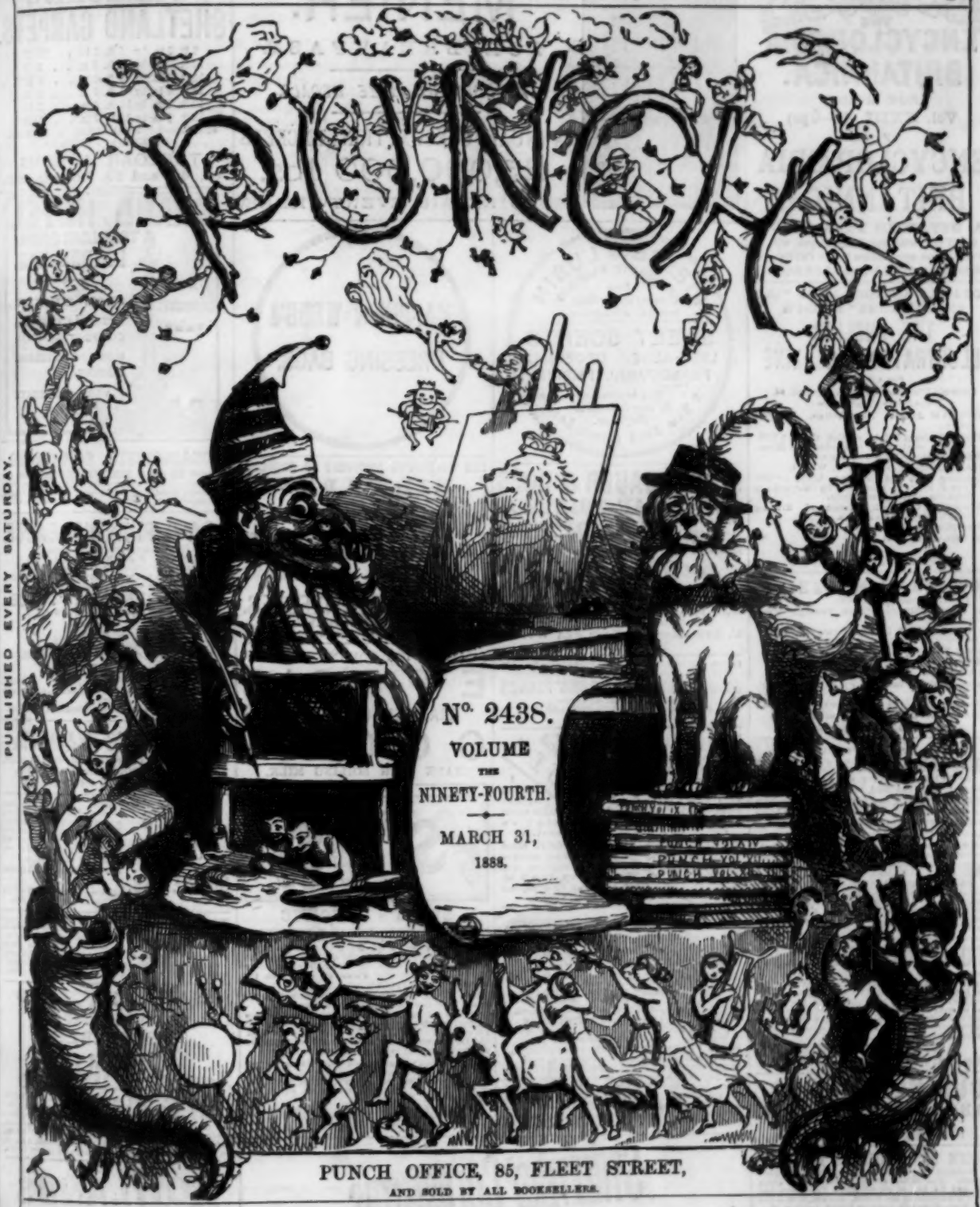

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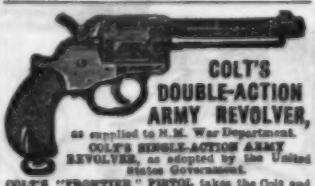

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SHOW SUNDAY.

Scene—*The Studio of that versatile and ambitious young Painter,* Daubenny Stippell; *usual accessories; three completed pictures on effectively draped easels.* Stippell *discovered receiving Sunday visitors, and trying to conceal his utter unconsciousness of ever having seen any of them before in his whole life.*

Model (at the door). Mrs. Jopper . . . Mr. Bopper . . . Colonel and Mrs. Cropper . . . Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Flopper . . . Mr. 'Amilton 'Opper!

Stippell (mechanically to each). How *are* you? *so* kind of you to come—you'll—(*with a nervous laugh*)—find a picture or two over there.

[*The Visitors drift vaguely about, shying nervously at the canvasses, and examining the tapestry and mirrors, or anything else by preference.*

Model. Mrs. Ardleigh Le Stilton . . . Mrs. and Miss Rosebery Rasch . . . Mrs. Goldingham Pinchbeck!

Stippell (overjoyed to find he knows somebody). Mrs. Pinchbeck! how charming of you to find time to look in—I really *am* delighted!

Mrs. Pinchbeck. I found I could *just* manage to squeeze you in—so many places one *must* go to, don't you know!

Stip. (guiltily; like a small boy who has just smashed a window). Will you—a—let me show you what I've been doing? This is my Academy picture. I think you'll get a better light if you stand a little farther off.

[*As she is apparently proceeding to rub noses with the principal figures on the canvas.*

Mrs. P. (retiring). Ah, that *is* better—*much* better. (*Perceives that the subject is classical, and decides that she must be careful not to commit herself.*) Yes! (*Draws in her breath reverently.*) I couldn't have believed it was possible to realise such a situation as that—and yet one *feels* that it must have been just *so!*

Stip. (highly gratified.) You *do* think it tells its own story then?

Mrs. P. (telling her own). Oh, yes—*indeed* I do! You can't *help* seeing it!

[*Propitiates her conscience by the reflection that she means the picture, which, being 10 ft. by 8, is indeed distinctly visible.*

A crowd gradually collects around the principal canvas in awed silence, each person prudently waiting to discover what it is intended to represent before risking a remark.

Mrs. P. (rendered bolder by success.) I don't think I *ever* quite felt before *how* splendid Ancient Rome must have been!

Stip. Ah—exactly, yes—but—(*considerately*) Sicily was not a Roman Province at the time Balaustion came to Syracuse.

Mrs. P. (plunging more wildly, aided by desperate recollections of a course of lectures on Grecian Colonisation.) Oh, no, of course—*that* was later—let me see, wasn't Balaustion one of the early Tyrants?

Stip. (in resigned disgust.) You must really excuse me from offering any opinion.

[*The bystanders are much impressed, and* Mrs. P., *immensely pleased by her erudition, takes her leave.*

Model. Mr. Mordaunt Hundertone . . . Mrs. Olio Margreen, and friends.

Enter Mrs. Margreen *with a little run, two friends following reluctantly in her train. She falls into a pose of rapt adoration before the principal canvas.*

Mrs. Margreen. Oh, Mr. Stippell! how *could* you? What *am* I to say? What a picture!

Mr. Undertone (from behind.) Ah, she's right *there! what* a picture!

Mrs. Mar. I mustn't look. I positively must *not!* I'm blinded, dazzled—it makes me want to hide my eyes. (*Sympathetic murmur from* Und.) Why, when it's hung it will kill everything *near* it!

Und. (aside to Fair Neighbour). At all events, it's done nothing to deserve hanging *yet!* It won't be hung till it's cut down; and, if it's cut down, it'll be cut up! regular mad Irish bull of a picture, that!

Fair Neighbour (who hasn't an idea what he means). Oh, Mr. Undertone, *don't*—you're too *killing!*

Mrs. Mar. (bringing up her friends). Oh! but I mustn't forget—I want to present Mr. Dummer (*in a whisper to* S.), *the* Dummer, you know! (S. *bows, and tries to look as if this description conveyed some definite idea to his mind;* Mr. D. *jerks and mumbles.*) Mrs. Plummer! (Mrs. P. *performs a reverential curtsey, as if she was in the presence of a resuscitated Old Master at the very least.*) Now (*with much tact*), do tell them the story of the picture in *your own words!* (*As if she wouldn't spoil it by telling it herself.*)

Stip. (who begins to see that it may be as well). Well, it's from Browning, you know—"Balaustion reciting the *Alkestis of* Euripides to the Syracusans on the steps of the Temple of Herakles."

[*Universal chorus of pleased recognition.*

Mrs. Flopper (enthusiastically). That dear Browning—so *like* him! I do *love* recitations. Have you ever heard "*Ostler Joe?*"

Colonel Cropper (to Mrs. Margreen, *in a cautious whisper).* Might I ask—I didn't quite catch—what *is* the subject supposed to be?

Mrs. Mar. (who has a good ear, but a short memory). Oh, don't you know? It's (*desperately*) "Euripides inciting the Syracusans to discover a lost tune under the steps of the Temple of 'All-kissed-us.'" You remember *now?*

Col. C. Yes, yes—to be sure; astonishing how one forgets these things—so he *did!*

Mrs. Rosebery Rasch (to her daughter). *What* is it all about, Florida?

Miss R. R. I'm not *quite* sure, mother; but I think it's Euripides with his lyre, accusing somebody of exciting the Heraclese by a lost tune—out of Browning.

Mrs. R. R. (satisfied). Oh! "*The Lost Chord!*" Ah, yes, I see. I'd forgotten that was his.

Mr. Bopper (advancing pompously to Stippell). Do you know, my dear Sir, that that's a very remarkable picture—it—ah—reminds me of an anecdote I once——

Stip. (evading him blandly). Indeed? Then my work has not been altogether wasted.

Mrs. Jopper (after gazing long at the canvas, to S. *in a deep solemn voice).* Allow me to ask—do you—er—take your own perspectives?

Stip. (gasping, and then recovering his presence of mind). Generally, dear lady—wherever I can come across them.

Mrs. Jop. (profoundly). *Quite* right. It is the only way to succeed!

[S. *retreats, deeply mystified.*

Stip. (to Mrs. Mar.). Oh, are you looking at *that?* that's in a quieter style, you see. Child nursing a sick monkey.

Mrs. Mar. Do you know—though, of course, the other picture, the—the "*Syrippidans,*" is one of the finest I *ever* saw; I think this is more *striking,* somehow! *how* sick that monkey looks! and the *child,* too—de-licious!

Stip. So glad you like it; just an idea of mine (*disparagingly*), an *idea!* I'm a little doubtful what to call it—must have a good name for it. Can you suggest a title for me?

Und. (as before). Ahem, give a bad picture a good name, and they *may* hang it!

Mrs. Mar. (to S., *impulsively).* Oh! *yes!* Call it—well (*with a brilliant inspiration*), how would "*The Sick Monkey*" do?

Stip. Charming—admirable! but—just a trifle too *subtle,* eh?

Und. Why not "*A Pair of 'Em*"?

Mrs. Mar. (brightly). No. *I* know—"*Monkey and Child*"; sounds quite "Old Mastery."

Und. (sotto voce). Won't get beyond *sounding*; better label each, to prevent confusion.

Mrs. Mar. Well, I must tear myself away, Mr. Stippell. I can't *tell* you how you've stimulated me!

Stip. Not at all. Have you had any coffee?

Mrs. Mar. Thanks—not any; good-bye, good-bye! And I'm sure if those naughty, unkind Bishops would only come and see *your* pictures, they would understand how far "Show-Sunday" is from mere *pleasure*-seeking!

Und. They would indeed! (*Aloud to* S.). Good-bye, Stippell, old fellow; you're going to astonish us all *this* time, that's plain.

Outside.

Confused Chorus of Departing Visitors. Did you *ever* see such dreadful things? What a *pity* it is, isn't it?"

Mrs. Mar. (to friend). I assure you, my dear, I never found so much difficulty in saying anything at all *decently* civil about a picture in my life—really *too* shocking—they can't get in! Now, where shall we go next? It will be quite refreshing to see a *picture* again!

MR. PUNCH'S PARALLELS. No. 5.

"JOSEPH'S SWEETHEART."

(A Fieldingesque Fragment of a Tale of Love and Loyalty. Adapted to the Situation.)

Showing how our Hero rejects with scorn the proffered Title at the hands of Lady Tory Diplomacy, and clings to the object of his First Love, Dear Democracy.

* * * * * *

Joseph was now in what is called the "prime of life"; he was of the highest degree of middle stature; his hair was smartly and smoothly disposed; his forehead was fairly high, if somewhat narrow, his eyes were bold and keen, as full of shrewdness as of self-assertion; his nose a little inclined to what, in vulgar vernacular, is called the Snub, but it is, perhaps, better described by the politer term "Celestial"; his lips were firmly chiselled and closely set; his face was perfectly smooth on the chin and upper lip; his countenance had a cold composure joined with a cocksureness inexpressible, a Pitt-like combination of power and perkiness. Add to this the most perfect neatness in his dress, an orchid in his buttonhole, and an air, which, to those who have not seen many noblemen, might give an idea of nobility. I make this qualification the more emphatically forasmuch as that to Joseph himself—if, indeed, his own earlier utterances might be trusted—comparison with "the Nobility" would seem the reverse of complimentary.

Such was the person who now appeared before the Lady. "Come, Joey," says she, "tell me truly, who is the happy girl whose charms have made a conquest of you?"

"Her name," answered Joseph, "is Democracy. I have wooed her long, and to her I will be faithful."

BRASS."

Sympathetic Old Lady. "Oh dear, dear! I do so feel, Mabel, for that poor Man with the long Trumpet."—(*She must mean the Trombone in this Street Band.*)—"All through the Piece, dear, he 's been trying to fix it right, and he can't do it, poor Fellow!!"

"Pugh!" cried the Lady; "a low-born wench, who is anybody's money—whom the whole tag-rag and bob-tail of mediocrities, philosophic pedants and prosperous tradesmen, pigmasters and pamphleteers, flatulent agitators, and frothy journalists may court with equal chance of success. *You* might look higher."

"I think not," said Joseph, quietly. "Not as *I* see it."

"Yes, Joey, yes; indeed you might," persisted the Lady. "Tell me, Joey, in your late travels in my service, is it possible that ideas have not struck you, emotions moved you, aspirations stirred you?"

"Many, Madam," responded Joseph.

"Have you no ambition, Joey?" asked the Lady, archly.

"Much, Madam," replied Joseph.

"La!" cried the Lady, with some asperity; "you answer like a catechism rather than like the ingenious and spirited young fellow I take you for."

"You have, perhaps, done me too much honour, Madam," said the young man, simply.

"Don't pretend to too much modesty," said the Lady, "for that sometimes may be impertinent; but pray answer me this question: Suppose a lady should happen to like you, and admit you to the same intimacy as you might have hoped for if you had been born in her sphere, are you certain that nothing could tempt you to a politic transfer of your affections? Answer me honestly, Joseph; have you no more sense than to make a scruple of sacrificing any little reputation you may have scraped together in another's service, in view of the splendid possibilities opened up by her condescension and confidence? Can you keep a secret, my Joey?"

"Could I not, Madam, I were ill-fitted for your Ladyship's service, even temporarily," answered Joseph. "I hope that on leaving it I shall have that character of you."

"But suppose I do not *wish* you to leave it, Joey? Suppose you have so favourably impressed—well Me, that I desire to retain you therein?" The Lady spoke softly, but with earnest significance.

"Indeed, Madam," said Joseph, "I should be sorry to do anything to disoblige your Ladyship, whom I highly respect, and in whose service I have really had a very good time. But change my allegiance, transfer my affections, even to *you?* No, your Ladyship! My heart is true to my first, my only love!"

L'ART! C'EST MOI!

King Coquelin the First tells us "all about it" in *Harper's Magazine;* that is, he tells us as much as His Majesty knows, taking it pretty well for granted that no English or American actor or author has any such acquaintance with the histrionic Art as is possessed by French actors and playwrights in general, and by himself, King Coquelin, in particular. Clever as he undoubtedly is as an all-round Actor,—he has been getting a trifle more all-round lately,—original and amusing as he is in all his assumptions, yet there is one in which he is unapproachable, and that is the assumption that nobody knows anything about Dramatic Art out of France. King Coquelin as *Dr. Know-all* is admirable and most entertaining. "Take care," says he, instructing, as we may suppose, Master Henry Irving and a few more youthful amateurs, "Take care to concentrate your whole being in the eye." As Don Toledo would observe, "Keep your eye on your audience, and your audience will pull you through." The Grand Monarque Coquelin continues, "It is there" (*i.e.*, in the eye) "that the public looks for you." What do the public look for in President Coquelin's eye? A pupil? So they would naturally expect. Instead of a pupil under the lash, they find a master. A master of what? Of his Art. Good. Then M. Coquelin's Art is "all his eye;" and it is all *Ego*, —which is much the same thing. *Bon Soir*, Signor Cockylingo!

To a Ready Writer.

"Rebel orators are really responsible for disorder in Ireland."—*John Bright.*

As coming from the Oracle of "One Ash,"
Is not this large assumption rather rash?
And is it you, my John, who fling your pebble
Against "an orator" because "a rebel"?
Think what a huge "glass house," John, is your own,
And ask, "Is mine the hand to cast *that* stone?"

"Here let us draw a Veil!"—as the Huntsman observed, when he couldn't find a fox on the hillside. And they drew a Vale accordingly.

NEW VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRE.

"Left Wheel!"

THE DOOM OF "SHE."

Fragments of a Romance of Political Adventure.

(*With apologies to Mr. Rider Haggard.*)

[The old Toryism—the high-and-dry Toryism of Privilege, and Prejudice, of Territorial Autocracy, and anti-popular exclusiveness is dead, swept into the limbo of vanished things and lost causes by that irresistible Democratic impulse, of whose dominant power this Conservative Government's truly Radical "Local Government Bill" is the crowning proof. —*See Daily Papers, passim.*]

* * * * * *

There came a few moments' pause during which "*She-who-was-wont-to-be-obeyed*" seemed to be gathering up her strength for the fiery trial.

At last, from far far away, came the first murmur of sound, the blurred and confused sound as of a distant multitude triumphantly shouting, that grew and grew till it began to crash and bellow as though close upon our very ears. As she heard it "She" threw off her old True-Blue wrapping—that vesture of which she had for so many generations been as conservatively careful as a fashionable lady of her beauty, as haughtily proud as a *parvenu* monarch of the Imperial Purple—she threw it off, I say, with a boldness of *abandon* that was absolutely startling, and stood before us even as the Revolutionary "Goddess of Liberty" might have stood before Robespierre, and the rampant raving devotees of the Red Terror, clad in nothing but her native loveliness, about which, at this advanced stage of her amazing existence, opinions, to tell truth, differed considerably. But to Leo, the British Leo, she flattered herself that she still looked sweet—even divine. Nearer and nearer came the thunder-wheels of fire, revolving, revolving in a way strongly suggestive—as, indeed, is not unnatural with revolving wheels—of Revolution! As they came "She" flung one ivory arm (I use this original comparison because the arm in question was, indeed, of the exact tint of an ancient knife-handle or antique Chinese chessman) around Leo's neck.

"Oh, my Leo, my British Leo," she murmured, "keep your beloved pecker up. *You're* all right."

"Perhaps," muttered Leo, rather sullenly, as I thought. "But how about yourself? I doubt me of that raging flame. How do I know that it will not utterly destroy you, or, at least, so radically change you that I shan't know you again?"

"*Radically?*" murmured "She," with slowly curving lips of low derisive music. "Why, my foolish faithless Leo, know you not that *Conservation* is of its 'very essence.' Look at me! Do I look eight hun—well, older than Venus, or more stricken in years than Psyche?"

"Humph!" muttered Leo. You see he had not beheld her without her ancient azure wrapping before, and he seemed a bit doubtful somehow.

"*She-who-was-wont-to-be-obeyed*" thought for a moment, and then said—

"It is hardly wonderful that thou shouldst doubt. Tell me, Leo, if thou seest me stand in the flame and come forth unharmed, wilt thou enter also?"

"Well—per—ahem!—that is—yes, I suppose so," he answered.

"And that will I also," I cried.

"What, my Solly!" she laughed aloud; "methought that *thou* wouldst naught of length of days purchased by purging fires, and radical change and revolution. Why, how is this?"

"Nay, I know not," I answered, "but there is that in my heart that calleth to me to taste of the flame and live."

"That's right, Solly my boy," murmured the faithful Joe in mine ear. "A little Radical rejuvenescence will do you a world of good, and give you length of days and a rare run for your money."

"It is well," "She" said. "Thou art not altogether lost in folly, Solly. See now, I will, not for the first time, bathe me in this living bath. Fain would I add to my beauty and my length of days, if it be possible. Anyhow, it cannot hurt me, as cynics say of the Homœopath's infinitesimals."

On came the crashing, rolling noise, and the sound thereof was as the sound of an ancient forest being swept flat by a mighty wind, and then tossed up by it like so much grass, and thundered down a mountain-side. For a moment it came into my mind that some might see in the ancient forest, Privilege; in the mighty wind, Popular Franchise; in the mountain-side, the easily-descended Avernus of Old Toryism and the ancient Squirearchy. But I put this aside as fanciful and unpractical. Nearer and nearer it came, the revolving pillar of flame, shaped scroll-wise it seemed, like unto the political caricaturist's symbolical representation of a Parliamentary Bill, and in the heart of it appeared to burn shifting characters of a runic sort, which now seemed to mean one thing, and now another, according to the observer's particular point of view. The letters D. E. M. O. I seemed to decipher; what the others were I could not satisfactorily determine; I caught myself hoping that they might not be G. O. R. G. O. N. Perchance, however, 'twas all fancy, so suddenly dazzling was the flame, so swift were its shiftings, so rapid its circumgyrations.

"She" turned towards it, and stretched out her arms to greet it. On it came very slowly, and lapped her round with flame. "She" looked oddly like one of Tenniel's droll Bill-Babes tinted scarlet—a sketchy human shape wrapped round with a parchment scroll, tape-cinctured, like unto that inimitable artist's graphic incarnation—say, of some Local Government Bill, or other colossal Conservative measure.

So did "She" stand in the heart of the flaming Revolution. I saw the fire run up her form; I saw her lift it with both hands as though it were water, and pour it over her head. I even saw her open her mouth, and draw it enjoyingly down through her throat, as though it were fine old crusted, tawny Tory Port of Comet Vintage. And a dread and wonderful sight it was. It paralysed Leo; it enthralled me; it seemed even to startle the stolid Joe.

* * * * *

But suddenly—more suddenly than I can describe or even suggest—save by comparing it to the tactical *volte-face* of a "Constitutional" party in face of a Democratic Ugly-rush or a Parliamentary majority—a kind of change came over her visage. The smile vanished, and in its place there came a dry hard look; the rounded face seemed to grow pinched, as though some great anxiety were leaving its impress upon her. The glorious true-blue eyes, too, lost their light, and, as I thought, the form its old shape and ancient erectness.

The flaming pillar slowly twisted and thundered off, leaving "*She-who-was-wont-to-be-obeyed*" standing where it had been.

"Why, what is it—what is it?" she said, confusedly. "I feel dazed. Surely the fire hath not played me a trick. Tell me, Leo, my British Leo, is there aught wrong with my eyes? I see not clear." And her face—by Heaven!—*her face was growing old before my eyes!* I suppose Leo saw it also; certainly he recoiled a step or two.

"Oh, *look! look! look!*" cried Joe, in a shrill falsetto, his eye-glass dropping out of his eye, the smug rigidity leaving his Wemmick-like lips. "*Look! look! look!* she's shrivelling up! she's turning into a mummy!" And then he fell upon the ground in a fit—whether of remorseful horror or of mirth I cannot certainly say.

True enough—she *was* shrivelling up; smaller and smaller she grew; she changed colour, changed to a dirty

buff, like unto an old piece of withered parchment, or the cover of a Whig Quarterly. In a few moments there seemed to be hardly anything left of her, not much more than of the little end of nothing after considerable whittling, of Tory objections to the Closure, or of the Fourth Party itself.

And yet think of this—at that very moment I thought of it—it was the *same* woman! The woman I had loved, and deemed immortal, "*She-who-was-wont-to-be-obeyed*," and worshipped and devoutly-served, by Peer and Peasant, by Parson and by Squire, by Quarter Sessions and by Board of Guardians, by every rank and degree of Territorial Toryism, from the Lord-Lieutenant of the County to——

* * * * *

"Leo, my British Leo!" she said, in husky, trembling notes, "Forget me not, Leo!—and Solly, forget me not! *Remember me as I was—'She-who-was-wont-to-be-obeyed'! Oh-h-h!*" and she fell upon her face, and was still.

VERY SWEET LAVENDER.

Dear Mr. Punch,

I am such a sincere admirer of the works of Mr. Pinero, that I trust you will allow me to make a few suggestions for his benefit *à propos* of his new piece at Terry's Theatre. I saw it the other evening, and liked it very much, but I should have liked it better had it been subject to the alterations I am about to indicate. In the first place I did not much care about the title, *Sweet Lavender*—as the name represents the daughter of a Temple "laundress," to the lay mind it rather recalls linen home from the wash. But this is a matter of small importance, a remark which, however, is unhappily not applicable to the place in which *Sweet Lavender* is performed. Mr. Terry is so excellent in burlesque that it is a thousand pities his theatre should be hypothecated to any other class of entertainment. Mr. Pinero's play, I fancy, would have been more at home (in blank verse) at the Lyceum, or, were the incidents put back a century or so, at the Vaudeville. But assuming for the moment that Terry's Theatre is the best possible house for its introduction, I cannot help thinking that it would have been better had the action of the piece been laid in any spot other than the Temple. So many people nowadays are Barristers themselves, or have friends or relatives at the Bar, that the ways of lawyers are pretty well known. Now the "Chambers of *Mr. Phenyl* and *Mr. Hale*, No. 3, Brain Court," are really impossible. What would the Benchers say were a tenant of the Inner Temple to house his Aunt, his Uncle, to say nothing of his pretty Cousin, in his rooms? I am afraid there would be a terrible scandal, and this is only one of the many incongruities that are met with on every turn of *Mr. Phenyl's* staircase.

After a Celebrated Picture.

But assuming that, after all, there is not much harm in the scene of *Sweet Lavender's* adventures being laid in the Temple, I cannot conscientiously say that I was altogether satisfied with *Sweet Lavender* herself. In *The Schoolmistress* Miss Norreys was simply delightful, but she is a little out of her element in a pathetic part. She has not the *physique* for the sentimental heroine of domestic drama, and would be wiser to follow in the footsteps of Mrs. Bancroft, and keep to comedy. But, admitting that Miss Norreys was welcome, I can scarcely praise Mr. Terry quite as warmly. The Lessee of Terry's Theatre is most amusing, as I have already hinted, in burlesque, but he is not quite so pleasing in the part of a drunken, broken down, and obtrusive Barrister, running through three Acts. Not that he was much like a Barrister. For instance, he put on his bands over his scarf, and kept his wig and gown in his Chambers, instead of at the Robing-room at the Law Courts, and was guilty of like eccentricities. I admit that these points had their value, as they lessened the feeling of repugnance that one felt for him when one realised that he was evidently only burlesquing a Barrister, and not pretending to represent one. For all that, much as I admire both Miss Norreys and Mr. Terry, I cannot help thinking that, had the characters they represented been omitted from *Sweet Lavender*, the piece would have been improved by the alteration.

Admitting that *Sweet Lavender* should have been cut out, *Mr. Clement Hale*, her lover, should also go. This would be a distinct advantage, as admirable as Mr. Bernard Gould undoubtedly is, he rather bored one. Next, I do not think that even Mr. Pinero would seriously object, if anyone suggested to him that the piece would play closer were the rather painful incident connected with *Mr. Wedderburn's* relations with *Ruth Rolt* entirely omitted. I should be the last to deny that the situation at the end of the Second Act, which turns upon these relations, is effective; but is the effectiveness of this one situation sufficient compensation for the introduction of a story that is not altogether in the best taste? I question it. Cut out the *Rolt-Wedderburn imbroglio*, and naturally the characters of *Mr. Wedderburn*, his sister, her daughter, her lover, *Dr. Delaney*, a fashionable physician, and *Ruth Rolt* herself must go; and excellently as those characters are played, I cannot help believing that the Domestic Drama would be more concentrated in interest without them. Having dispensed with these members of the *Dramatis Personæ*, I find that *Mr. Maw*, a solicitor, and *Mr. Bulger*, a hairdresser, are the only characters left in the cast. They are both well played, but as they have very little to do, and are not essential to the reconstructed plot, they might be omitted without serious damage to the interests of the piece.

I have no doubt that my suggestions would cause a radical change in the character of *Sweet Lavender*, but this is a time of radical changes. Mr. Pinero, most probably, will prefer the piece to be played as he has written it, and possibly he may be right. After all, it is only a matter of opinion. As for myself, I can only say that if my proposals are carried out in their entirety, I feel that I could see the new piece every night for a year, without experiencing a sense of weariness.

Once more expressing my unqualified admiration for Mr. Pinero, Mr. Terry, and his entire company in general, and for *Sweet Lavender* in particular, I remain, Yours truly, "A Nasty One."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

I am glad to see that Messrs. Routledge have taken my hint, and have brought out a pocket volume of *Tales from Pickwick*. It is a capital traveller's-companion, and there are some good illustrations by E. J. Wheeler, who, strange to say, has not found material for a picture in *The Baron of Grogzwig*, the most rollicking of Dickens's Pickwickian Tales.

The *Prima Donna*, by Sutherland Edwards, is amusing and interesting, but it must be read carefully, or many of the excellent short anecdotes may be missed. What reverses these Queens of Song experienced! Cuzzoni died a poor button-maker; Faustina, her rival, married a Hasse! They were exposed to great temptations; and, as a rule, the earlier Queens of Song seem to have yielded to them with a good grace. They either suffered from the jealousy of their rich and powerful admirers (delicate word "admirers"), or from the brutality of their own husbands.

Continental Society at the beginning of this century—not much better or worse then than now, I suppose—drew the line at "professional persons," and if they were ever admitted within the silken cordon, it was only on sufferance. Madame Sontag was the brilliant exception among foreign artists, and she—Oh! happy termination to a virtuous career!—she married an Italian nobleman, Count Rossi. In England a noble marriage for a *Prima Donna* was not so very remarkable, as on the list we find three who married "belted Earls," and one Duchess. But Sontag was in every way a *rara avis*. The stories about *Prima Donne*, from Grisi up to the present day, are of a less sprightly character than those of their predecessors. Here Mr. Sutherland Edwards found himself on delicate ground. An anecdotist's motto must be, "*De viventibus nil nisi bonum*," or enter Mister Libel on the scene, and the author would be annihilated by the publisher's curse.

Nobody knows better than Mr. Edwards what the public expect to find in such a book, and, though he is invariably decorous, he is never dull. What would Lord Charles Beresford, or Sir Henry Thompson, say to this description of the German *Prima Donna*, Mara—"She had a compass of three octaves"?

A defect in the arrangement of the material is the absence of side-headings and dates in the margin. When the author brings out his *Lives of the Upper Tenors*, let him take this suggestion in good part, and supply the deficiency acutely felt by his esteemed friend, The Baron de Book Worms.

AFRAID OF COMMITTING HIMSELF!

"And, to make a long Story short, Bishop, the Train came to a stand-still in the very nick of time, and my dear Aunt Jane was *saved*—actually *saved!* *Now wasn't that a Mercy*, Bishop?"

"Well, Mrs. Boreham—you see—I—a—I *don't know your Aunt!*"

MASTER RITCHIE'S EASTER-EGG.

"Old Tory" Party, loquitur:—

Good gracious! What's that? Well I never!
You've taken my breath bang away.
Oh, you boys! You're remarkably clever,
No doubt, or so all of you say;
And you fancy me what you call "funky,"
And say that my doubts are "all rot;"
But if you're not a mischievous monkey
I don't know what's what.

Br-r-r-r! You've upset my nerves altogether
With your Jack-in-the-Box, you bad boy.
You might just knock me down with a feather,
A feat I daresay you'd enjoy.
Not a Jack-in-the-Box, but an Egg, Sir?
A nice Easter-Egg for old Gran?
Do not try on such gammon, I beg, Sir;
Just drop it, young man!

Egg, indeed! With that bogey inside it?
When I was a girl eggs *were* eggs.
But sincerity's dead, boys deride it,
And honesty's on its last legs.
No innocent hen ever laid it,
That sham, Sir; no, certainly not;
And, as for the rascal who made it,
He ought to be shot!

A nice Easter Gift on my word, Sir!
It isn't at all to *my* taste.
Eh? Harmless and useful? Absurd, Sir!
Do take it away, and make haste.
Egg? As big as an Auk's and more awful!
Egg? Rubbish, Sir, don't you tell me.
If making such horrors is lawful,
It ought *not* to be!

What is it, that thing that popped out of it?
Gr-r-r! It's an ogre; 'twill *grow*,
And just gobble us up. There's no doubt of it.
Ritchie, how could you do so?
Just look at its cap! Did you dress it?
What more could young Radicals do?
Oh! I didn't, dear boy, I confess it,
Expect this from *you!*

A TWISTER BY TRADE.

A very proper example, as far as it goes, was made of the savage undernamed in a notice of

"The Shocking Treatment of a Child.—Felix Rosenberg, a 'contortionist,' was yesterday committed to gaol for six months' hard labour by the Manchester stipendiary for brutally ill-treating a little boy. The child had been committed to his care to be trained, and he was stated to have beaten it continually because it could not force its limbs into certain forms."

It is to be wished that Mr. Felix Rosenberg had been rendered as *infelix* as he deserved to be for his inhumanity to his infant charge. Unfortunately, the law did not subject him to be so punished as such a cruel "contortionist" ought to have been; that is to say, adjudged to practise involuntary contortions under a sufficiency of stripes with the cat.

BOAT AHOY!

Tell me not, in mournful "Leaders,"
Once a week or once a day,
That the reign of Penny Steamboats
Has for ever passed away!

Not this Spring, and not last Winter,
Have we watched the steamers run;
And upon the Watery Highway
Their familiar race seemed done.

Hope is strong! But grief was stronger
That no more—or did we dream?—
Up to Kew or down to Greenwich
Should we—could we—swiftly steam.

But a brand-new Co. has promised
With luxurious grander craft
To replace the out-worn cockles,
And eclipse them fore and aft.

Let us, then, be up and booking,
With a penny for our fare,
Nor old Father Thames abandon,
And his lively "Sun and Air"!

Short Scene after the Boat Race.

(*Mr. Wagstaff, the Undefeated Jokist who never can be serious, is about to enter his Club as Old Member is stepping into cab hurriedly, in order to catch the train.*)

Wagst. (*stopping him*). I've just seen Oxford and Cambridge.

Old Member (*delighted to have the news at first hand to take into the country with him*). Ah! Which won?

Wagst. Which one? Oh—both.

[*Exit into Club.*

MASTER RITCHIE'S EASTER-EGG.

"Old Tory" Party. "GOODNESS GRACIOUS!—WHAT NEXT, I WONDER!!!"

A SUGGESTION FOR THE FUTURE.

What our M.F.H. was preparing to try if the Snow had continued.

THE DRAPERS' SACRIFICE!

Me and Brown was a setting the other night in a cozy littel room, which shall be nameless, a finishing of a harf bottel of Clicko's old rich Shampane that two yung Swells had ordered, on my reckomendashun, but had found too sweet for their xperienced tastes, poor fellers! when Brown says to me, says he, "Have you herd of the hawful noose?" "What noose?" says I. "Well," says he, "be prepared for a real staggerer." "I thinks as I'm amost prepared for anythink," says I; "but I'll take another glass of this delishus wine to make sure." "So do," says he, "and I'll foller your good xample." Witch he did. "Well," says he, "I hardly xpects you to beleeve me, but it's quite trew, as the Honerable and Washupfool Compny of Drapers is about to sell off hundreds of dozens of their werry holdest and werry best wine by hockshun!" I thort as I shood ha' dropt out of my heasy chair! "Grayshus goodness!" says I, "what on airth are you a torking about?" And then he took out a noosepaper and red me the wundrous tail.

I declare I was that shocked that I scarcely knew what I was about, for I emptied the Bottel and rose to leave, when he said, "Don't go for a few minnits, for here 's just two or three glasses of '47 Port left in this bottel, which I removed for fear it should get into them young chaps' heds." So I yeelded to my fate and sat down. And then he told me as how he 'd bin to the Hockshuneers, and had a tork with their hed man about how nessessary it was to have 1 or 2 werry careful men as was acustomed to such wines as them, to know how to handle 'em, and that he had engaged us both for that swentful day. I was that efected by Brown's xtrornary kindness that I drunk his elth in a Bumper of '47, and then sort my sober dwelling a wiser but a sadder man.

Nex day I goe and I calls at Drapers' All, witch it's in Thrug Mortem Street, I thinks they calls it, close to the Stock Xchange, where I'm told as all the most piousest and most onerablest men in the hole City assembels owery day, and makes wagers as to who shall do the most good, and be the most ginerous, to the poor and kneady, and then meets once a month and settles their accounts with one another, and pays over their warious ballances, and sends a large part on 'em across the way to the Lord Mare for him to distribbute, knowing as they does as he's just the man for their money.

Well, fortnitly, my frend, the Under Beedel's Assistant, was in, and jest about having a nice littel snack for lunch, so I jined him. and over a glass of, never mind what, we torked over the serious bizziness of the Hockshun. And wot a rewelation it were! and how the scoffing jester would mock at its sollem detales! It woud appear then, that for wery many years past, it has been the speshal dooty of the most knowingest of the four Wardens of the Compny, so far as a practical knolledge of wines was conserned, to lay in a large stock of the werry rarest and finest that money could procure, for the use of the thirsty Drapers, and so thoroughly and conscentiously has this dooty bin performed, that not only has more than one Wine Warden fallen a Marter in the sacred cause, but the Cellar of the lordly Drapers was littorally a busting with their glorious contents! and they may be said to have xclaimed allegorollically, Stop it! we carn't hold no more! My frend told me that for the larst year or 2 their efforts to make a hole, so to speek, in their winous stock was most creditable to all conserned, offishals and all, but in wane! So a sollem counsel was called, and stock ordered to be taken of the priceless contents of their capaycious cellars. It was a hendless task, but it was dun, and in doo time the gigantic cattalog was laid before the washupfool Court!

Experts was then called in, and a calkerlation was made as to how long the stock of wine woud last, supposing the konsumption to continue as it had been for years past, and the result, after several jovial meetings to make sure as there was no mistake in so werry himportant a matter, was found to be, that there was quite enuff to last 'em another thirty year!

Then came the most sollemest question of all. Woud the finest of all Clarets, and the noblest of all Ports, and the loveliest of all Shampanes, larst another 30 years? Again was the werry expertest of all experienced experts called in to give their unbyassed opinyon, and, after several more jovial banquets, as no fine wine can be properly tasted except at a scrumptious banquet, and with its proper courses, the final decision was given that it woud not!

So the nessessary sacrifice follered, and such a scene as I seed at

THIS WEATHER!

"And how are we to-day, my dear Madam?"

"Well, Doctor, the Cold I caught the day before yesterday is rather better; but the one I caught on Monday week is ever so much worse—and I caught a brand new one last night!"

the Hockshuneer's on that day I shall not soon forget. Sampels of such Wines as most peeple is content ony to dream about, handed round permiscous to a thirsty mob. No sipping, oh no, but everybody emptied his glass like a man, so there was no littel heel-taps for the poor porters. Of course Brown and me, with our long xperience, took preshus good care not to spile the look of the wine by pouring it out too close, suttenly not, not by no means.

I manidged to git on good terms with the werry obliging Clark who took down the names of the buyers, so I knows pretty well where sum of the werry finest of the wines is gone to, speshally sum of my hown speshal Brands, so I still indulges in the fond hope that, "sum day, sum day, sum day I shall see them."

I suppose it was the werry xciting day as I spent on that Hockshun Day, and not the remains of the werry hold bottels of werry hold wine as afected me so singulally, but I was suttenly a werry long time getting home, and when at length I arrived there, my recepshun by my best-beloved was of that strange character that I never knew ekalled. Of course it was werry kind to insist on taking off my Wellinton Boots, when I was quite prepared to sleep in 'em, but why she shood xpress the unkind wish that I shood never attend such a Hockshun again, I reelly carn't emadgin. Robert.

Humanity and Machinery.

Mr. Leonard Courtney, M.P., speaking at the Annual Meeting of the Charity Organisation Society, said, "You cannot cure the ills of Society by philanthropy." The maxim would have been more epigrammatic, and equally true, if he had added, "nor without it." It is in the combination of the philanthropic impulse, as motor, with sound organisation, as machinery, that the only hope lies of shaping an engine for the real "elevation of society." Philanthropy without knowledge is as ineffective as steam without a cylinder. But knowledge without philanthropy is as inert as the cylinder without steam. The Watt and Stephenson of Social Machinery are sorely wanted and anxiously awaited.

THE COUNTY SQUIRE.

(A Song in two parts, as sung before and after the introduction of the Local Government Bill.)

Air—"*The Holy Friar.*"

I.—Before.

I am a Squire of the present day,
To Quarter Sessions I take my way.
County business I have in my grip,
With Peer and Parson I sit and sip,—
Get on without me the County can't,
When highways they 'd make, or money they want.
And why I 'm so popular, that I will tell,—
The rustics do like to be ruled by a Swell.
No Lord Lieutenant they more admire
Than a resolute ruddy-faced County Squire.

II.—After.

But what is this? I Is 't a horrible dream?
Are our Tory leaders indeed what they seem?
Their stoutest supporters why mortify
With this blessed big Bill, which is all my eye.
County Councils to handle the tin?
The Squire and the Parson both sack'd—for what sin?
Stuff! It 's a dirty dashed Radical wrong.
If it passes, my knell will be ringing, ding-dong.
For the power will cease, and the reign will expire
Of the resolute, ruddy-faced County Squire!

"KEATS AND HIS HAMPSTEAD HOME."

Under this heading, the *Sunday Times*—sprightly paper this, nowadays — published a communication, signed "B. L. H.," bewailing the probable demolition of Lawn Bank, once the home of the Poet Keats. The owner of the property, it appears, hasn't yet made up his mind whether to pull it down, or let it. The devotees of Keats cry, "Let it—alone!" The owner of the property will probably retort to the devotees, "Then you buy it!" Sentiment is much: but six-per-centiment is more. And, on the whole, we should not like to be the owner of a Dead Lion's Den.

CONVERSION ALL ROUND.

A Conversion the Nation's poor creditor rues
That condemns him great part of his income to lose.
He must own 'tis all fair, but in heart he repines,
And, himself unconverted, accounts it hard lines.

It is much to be feared that he takes it so ill
As to harbour a sense the reverse of good will
To the smiling financiers who bid him be gay,
Having known where to put their own pelf safe away.

By Conversion the Government credit will get
From the millions aggrieved by the National Debt,
In proportion, of course, to the sum of relief
Which they gain by so great an assuagement of grief.

But besides, there 's another "Conversion" than that
Which will fatten the lean at the cost of the fat;
For Conversion the Cabinet merit may claim
In general—Conversion at large is their game.

They 've converted Consols, Three-per-cent., not alone,
But the views heretofore till in office their own,
In political faith a conversion indeed;
For converted they stand to the Radical creed.

The Liberals, too, are converted and thrive
As Unionists, Liberal-Conserv*ative*,
With Ritchie Gladstonian-Irish are found,
And so, one may say, there 's Conversion all round.

Conservatives—this is conversion-in-chief,—
Converted by Bradlaugh! 'tis past all belief!
Now, what have Conservatives left to conserve?
Their seats. To do this they will strain every nerve.

The Real "Mystery of a Hansom Cab."—Why it is that, despite much talk of new patented improvements, that vehicle is found, in nine cases out of ten, to be still a "Little-case" of dirt, damp, and general discomfort. Anyone who can solve *this* mystery will doubtless "hear of something to his advantage."

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 19.—Foresight of Government in matters of detail strikingly illustrated to-night. Have got up most stupendous Bill of modern times; touches innumerable interests throughout the country; takes ten days to print, and upwards of two hours to describe in outline. Wants a man of corresponding inches to take charge of it. KING-HARMAN might do, but otherwise engaged. So RITCHIE placed in charge of scheme. A monstrous medley of minute multiformity; but RITCHIE managed to make it plain. Avoided all effort at oratorical flourish. Got a downright hard job on hand, and grappled with it in downright honest fashion much appreciated by House. GLADSTONE, who is nowadays always blessing the Government, came out with unusual fervour, publicly patting RITCHIE on the back. Only frigidity of the season found on Conservative Benches.

"Much worse than DILKE'S Bill," BARTTELOT whispers to FOWLER, "and you know we would not have that on any account."

"Yah! yah!" murmured the Alderman. "Only one bright spot in Bill. Middlesex Magistrates shall sit as Magistrates for new County of London."

"Not sure, TOBY," said GLADSTONE, as I crossed the Lobby with him when all was over, "that from our point of view we aren't doing better than if I was in office with a majority of eighty. Never dared have brought in such thoroughly Radical measure as RITCHIE'S. If we had, would have wasted three Sessions in urging it on. Now we go into Opposition, they come into office, and do our work more thoroughly and more rapidly than we could."

"Then, Sir," I said, "you won't go back when the great heart of the people stirs and calls you with peremptory voice?"

"We shall see, TOBY, we shall see," said the Old Man Eloquent tucking his papers under his arm, burying his head in his collar, and setting off at a pace that left me far behind.

KING-HARMAN'S Salary Bill on again. Baiting began as before. Old Morality waited till midnight had struck, then, as COURTNEY rose to leave Chair, moved Closure. TIM HEALY and PARNELL sprang

to their feet and angrily protested that it was too late. Chairman ruled Motion in order, and Closure carried on division.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" cried Old Morality, pinning on his shawl and tucking up his trousers, preparatory to going home through the snow, "there's no pleasing those fellows. On Friday, Dillon awfully angry because I moved Closure at twenty-five minutes to twelve; said it was too early. Now I wait till twelve, and Tim Healy says it's too late. Strike high, strike low, nothing will satisfy them!"

Business done.—Local Government Bill introduced.

Tuesday. Things going wrong in the House of Lords. Lord Chancellor moved Second Reading of Land Transfer Bill. As he confessed, expected Noble Lords would pass this stage without demur. Noble Lords took other view of their duty. Arundel of Wardour charged amazed Government with advocating revolutionary principles. Stanley of Alderley denounced Bill; Clifford of Chudleigh adversely criticised it. Strathedden and Campbell magnanimously declined to press tottering Government; but Denman came to front, and dealt staggering blow. Long time since such galaxy of hereditary ability shone upon pallid occupant of Woolsack. Zetland, looking on, began to think there were institutions more hopelessly undermined even than the Jockey Club. The Markiss, with burlesque of audacity, hinted that the phenomenon was due to "lack of adequate information on the part of Noble Lords." But Lord Chancellor, supporting his columnar figure against Woolsack, falteringly admitted that "no one had said good word for the Bill."

"Worse than the Jockey Club!"

Accordingly, it was read a Second Time.

Commons had Morning Sitting. Conversion of Debt Bill in Committee. As, however, only trifle of some hundreds of millions at issue, attendance very thin. Discussion chiefly confined to ex-Chancellors of the Exchequer, and the present occupant of the office. Naturally, that great financial authority, Grandolph, came to the front. Gladstone having differed from Goschen on important clause of Bill, Grandolph interposed, and in finest judicial manner differed from both. Elderly and respectable they might be; even possessing some reputation in financial world. But, really, approaching subject from directly opposite points of view, they were both ridiculously wrong. Grandolph mentioned this modestly. Still there it was.

"It's a great pity," Chaplin murmured under his breath, "that this eminent man is, after all, only human. Possibly he might manage to fulfil the duties of Secretary of State for War combined with those of First Lord of the Admiralty. But then he knows more about India than anyone else, and in questions of finance compared with his omniscience, Gladstone is a folly and Goschen an impertinence. Yet I'm afraid that it is even beyond Grandolph's capacity, controlling the Army, directing the Navy, caring for India, also to be our Chancellor of the Exchequer!" And Chaplin sobbed.

The New Duke.

Business done.—Conversion of Debt Bill passed through Committee.

Thursday.—Youth and Age came down to House to-day arm-in-arm. Age to hear Youth swear and see him take his seat. Age sat up in Peers' Gallery—white-haired, ruddy-faced, pleasant-eyed—our old friend John Manners, now seventh Duke of Rutland. Youth is Henry Manners, now Marquis of Granby, and Member for Mid Leicestershire. ("'Susan Clarke, "Markis o' Granby," Dorking,'" said Plunkey; "wasn't that the name and address *Sam Weller's* father had inserted in the marriage licence?") But late he was Private Secretary to quite another Markiss. Now a Markiss himself—at least quite as much as Hartington. The new Duke watches new Marquis carefully through ceremony. Hears him cheered by Conservatives, sees him welcomed by Ministers, observes him bow low over Speaker's outstretched hand, and then goes his way, trying to remember his Coleridge—

"Life went a-Maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young? Ah, woful when!
Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then!"

Still Constitution attacked by Irish, undermined by Socialists, hampered by Grand Old Mannists, is safe. For there is yet a Rutland in the Lords, and a Manners in the Commons.

Lord John well away from his old quarters on Treasury Bench to-night. Never a bed of roses. To-night particularly prickly. Criminal Evidence Bill down for Second Reading. Quite inoffensive looking measure. Receives united blessing of Attorney-General, Charles Russell, and Henry James. After this seems nothing more to say. Irish thought otherwise. Have long made it a grievance that certain English Bills do not extend to Ireland. Now weep and wail because Criminal Evidence Bill to run through Great Britain *and* Ireland. Debate began at five o'clock. At half-past ten Old Morality pounced; movement well meant, but particularly ill chosen. Parnell just risen, and thus promptly shut up. Irish howled with rage. Harcourt shaken with indignation. John Morley terribly indignant. All the fat in the fire; frizzled famously. What with Divisions, crimination and recrimination next hour and half quickly passed by; twelve o'clock struck, and next Order barred.

Oddly enough next Order was stage of Bill providing salary for King-Harman. Strange untoward accident that unexpected and prolonged debate should have sprung up on inoffensive Bill preceding it.

"Tell you what, Goschen," said Old Morality, wearily packing up his papers, "you must somehow provide £1000 a-year for King-Harman, and we'll give it him to go away. He's playing the dodge with our prospects. Lost more time over him than on all other debateable points put together."

Business done.—King-Harman's Salary Bill postponed over another sitting.

Friday.—Bradlaugh brought on Motion for appointment of Select Committee to inquire into Pensions; and, what is more, carried it. Capital Debate, enlivened by interesting speech from Jennings, who talked rabid Radicalism from centre of Conservative Camp. Gladstone much excited at disclosures made. Finally turned upon Childers, and, impressing remarks by persistently poking him in ribs with outstretched finger, addressed to him animated speech of ten minutes' duration. From resigned expression on Childers' face, report got about that Gladstone, dwelling upon enormity of Pension system, was explaining to Childers that he should begin reform by docking his pension as ex-Minister. Must begin somewhere, you know.

Business done.—Inquiry ordered into Pensions.

RITCHIE'S DREAM.

Gog and Magog. O Ritchie, Ritchie, ne'er can such things be!
Magog. You'd make us slaves, dependant, Gog and Me,
Upon a Council and Lieutenant's bounty!
Ritchie. Well——
Gog. And, our London is to be "a County!"
Ritchie. Why not? You've heard of "County Paris?"
Magog and Gog. Oh!
Magog. Quote Shakspeare to your purpose? Then we know
What line to take,—from *Henry VIII*, Act 2.
The Corporation won't submit to you!
Nor will they budge, till from their place they're hurled.
"No, not for all the Ritchies in the world."

[*Giants vanish.*

Poor Pyrotechnics.

"The young Bengal faction," says the *Times*, "have been trying their hardest to spoil the valedictory ceremonies in connection with the departure of Lord and Lady Dufferin, and have failed." Their "Bengal Lights," like some other fireworks, seem to have began with a splutter and ended in a fizzle.

"When dogs of faction bay," may it all
End in mere noise like *this* "Bay of Bengal."

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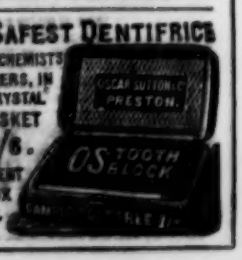

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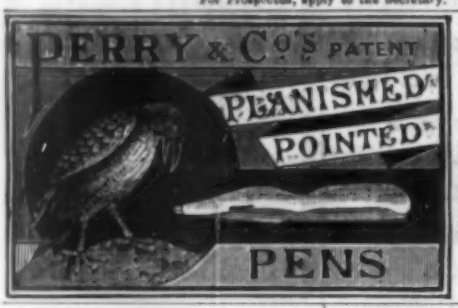

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